The Weekly Expositor

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YALE, - - MICH

TO FIND the live merchants of most cities you have only to note those whose names are prominent in the advertising columns of the local papers.

ONE of the distressing things about a death in the prize ring is the fact that all the sluggers in the country feel called on to make some comments in the newspapers.

PARIS, New York and London have, or are raising anti-diphtheria funds to secure horses and cultivate the required serum. The attention of members of the legislature may be called to the advisability of suggesting a state adoption of the principle in the shape of a centrally located serum farm.

TO THE roll of the distinguished dead of 1894 must be added the name of Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, who has just died at Apia, Samoa, of apoplexy, aged 44. Though not a writer of the first-class, he has done some excellent work and dies at an age when more and better work was reasonably expected from him.

IN the scandalous sale of anti-toxine in New York by persons previously regarded as reputable, a sample is afforded of the soil in which political corruption loves to grow. The cheat is one which involves homicide, and in case of any fatal result from the use of the fraudulent preparation the punishment to fit the crime is the electric chair.

THE Suez canal, never closed by ice, carries in a year about 10,000,000 tons. The "Soo" in the 234 days of the past season when the canal was free from ice carried 13,195,860 tons. The Suez canal is for the commerce of the whole world, the "Soo" for the commerce of the United States and what little Canada may have between Lake Superior and her Eastern fresh waters.

IF the failure to cheer the kaiser is to be made a penal offense the statute should at least specify how many and how loud the cheers must be and when and where they are to be given. Nor should it fail to fix a penalty for the fellow who fires his hurrah at the wrong time or place. In this effort to regulate emotion by law the code will never be complete without a section or two bearing on the perpetration of college yells.

SINCE the internal fires of the earth must seek an outlet and safety-valve in earth uakes and volcanic eruptions somewhere it is lucky that they do so at a point where people are so scarce and water so plentiful as they are among the New Hebrides islands. One shudders to think what would have happened had the great overflow of fire and lava described by Admiral Bowden occurred in some of the populous parts of the globe.

THE criminal instinct is unerring, and yet it may lead its possessor into trouble. It was this instinct that induced a Brooklyn burglar to accost two Brooklyn men and request their co-operation in a neat little scheme of robbery. It was not the fault of the instinct that the two men happened to be policemen for the time being, and therefore that they found it more to their interest to run him in than to join him in his foray. The moral lesson derivable from this painful story is that instinct, while unerring in its intimations, has its limitations as a business directory.

DE QUINCEY once wrote an essay on "Murder considered as one of the fine arts," but it cannot be said that in either of the two recent cases much skill was shown by the murderers in covering up their tracks. In the Chicago case the old device of boxing up and sending away the body was resorted to. In spite of the fact that it has so often failed, it seems to have a peculiar fascination for criminals. It was tried in the Cronin case, upon which a great degree of skill was brought to bear, but the crime became known; and so it has been in other celebrated cases. The resources of murderers in respect to their after action are few and they are frequently the means of detection.

THE tenement house commission of New York is about to take up consecutively the 148 tenement houses belonging to the Trinity church corporation and either compel a thorough overhauling of these pestilence-breeders, or else discipline the Trinity corporation. The church organization realizes an annual income of $600,000 from its houses and thus far has absolutely refused to make any modern improvements in them. Tenants are huddled together in many of these Trinity buildings with little more attention to their comfort and to sanitary laws than is given to cattle in stables. The aim has been to get as much for as little as was possible. The New York authorities propose a change in the Trinity administration.

THE proposition of some romantic writers to put their romances to the test by actually living through the experiences described should be discouraged. Any one trying to live the experiences of a romance of the modern sensational school would come into conflict with the police before he had lived past the first chapter.

MADELINE POLLARD is surprised that a Boston lady declined to accept her services as maid for her child. Most people will be surprised that she ever made application for such a position.

GEN. NELSON A. MILES.

HE HAS PROVED HIMSELF A REAL SOLDIER.

He Followed the Destinies of the Army of the Potomac from Bull Run to Appomatox—His Campaigns Against the Indians Since 1865.

THE RECENT PROmotion of Gen. Nelson Appleton Miles to succeed Gen. O. O. Howard, retired, as commander of the Department of the East, meets with approval in army circles as well as in New York society. Gen. Miles is as big a favorite in society as he is among the battle scarred veterans who have followed him ever since the mobilization of the volunteer Army of the Potomac in 1861. Nelson A. Miles was born of Irish parentage at Westminster, Mass., Aug. 8, 1839. His father was a soldier before him, having served in the revolution, and it is quite natural that the son should inherit soldierly traits. These traits became manifest when the guns of the confederacy were trained upon Fort Sumpter. At the first tap of the drum he raised a company of volunteers at his own expense and offered his services to the state. For some reason or other his services were declined; but true patriotism knows no discouragement. He made a similar offer to New York and was accepted. Then began the military career of one greatest soldiers that America has yet produced.

He entered the service at the age of 21, and served from the beginning of the full strength and vigor of manhood. When Gen. Schofield retires in a few months, Gen. Miles will succeed to the post of commander-in-chief of the army of the United States. He will have several years to serve before he reaches the age limit at which the law requires soldiers to retire.

MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON APPLETON MILES.

the rebellion until its close in the volunteer service, rising from the rank of a subaltern to that of major-general. He received four brevets for gallantry and distinguished service and took part in many hard fought battles of the war. He commanded the largest division of the Army of the Potomac, and at one time, at the age of 26, was in command of 25,000 men. He was engaged in the battles of the Peninsula, before Richmond and at Antietam and in every battle of the Potomac, with one exception, until the surrender of Lee at Appomattox court house. He was distinguished in the battles of Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Old Wilderness, Spottsylvania court house, Ream's station, Richmond campaigns of 1864 and many other important battles of the war. He was thrice wounded and at the battle of Chancellorsville was borne from the field with what was supposed to be a mortal wound through the body.

At the close of the war he was a commissioned colonel of the Fortieth United States infantry and was shortly afterward transferred to the Fifth infantry. His service since the war has been scarcely less distinguished. He was promoted brigadier general in December, 1889, and major general in April, 1890. His services in the Indian country have been of inestimable value to the country, and the remarkable success of his campaigns has probably been unequalled in the history of Indian warfare. He defeated the Cheyennes, Kiowes and Commanches in the Staked Plains country, and in 1875 and 1876 he subjugated the hostile Sioux and other Indians in Montana, driving Sitting Bull across the frontier. He captured Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Perces, after a hard fought battle of our days in Montana. In 1878 he intercepted and captured Elk Horn and his band on the edge of the Yellowstone Park. In 1886 he accomplished what seemed a well nigh impossible task of running down and bringing in Geronimo and Natchez and the band of Apaches that had made the entire southwest uninhabitable. For his services he received the thanks of the legislatures of Kansas, Montana, New Mexico and Arizona, and was presented with a sword of honor at Tucson in 1887. Gen. Miles is now the second general officer in rank in the regular army, is still a young man, and in United States and his own duty as commander were paramount to any authority that could be claimed by the state's executive.

The new major-general is the oldest of ten brothers, all in the national army. He was, before his new appointment, the fourth brigadier-general in the army. He graduated from the military academy in 1852 and was assigned to the Third infantry. He commanded a regiment in the battle of Bull Run and was breveted there for

MAJOR-GENERAL ALEXANDER M'COOK.

gallant services. He received successive brevets in the regular services and in 1865 received that of major-general for services in the field during the war.

Unique Naval Wedding.

At a recent English wedding, when the bridegroom was an admiral in the navy, the bride had her train carried by two little brothers in smart Fauntleroy suits of white satin, and was attended by a boat's crew of pretty bridesmaids, whose nautical costumes were quite original. They were composed of white cloth, with coat bodices faced with moire silk, and trimmed with naval gold lace, and having heavy gold bullion epaulets. Long moire sashes, edged with the union jacket colors and most fetching white navy regulation caps, with the rear admiral's flag in front completed wonderfully pretty costumes. The wedding cake was appropriately decorated with a sugar model of the Alert, in which Admiral Markham penetrated the polar regions in 1875.

ALEXANDER M'DOWELL M'COOK

Appointed Major-General to Succeed Gen. O. O. Howard.

Major-general Alexander McDowell McCook, who was appointed to that rank by President Cleveland, to succeed Gen. O. O. Howard, retired Nov. 8, will remain in command of the Department of the Colorado. Gen. Miles has been assigned to Howard's department at Governor's Island.

Major McDowell has been in command of the new army department of the Colorado, with headquarters at Denver, for the past year. During the riots in that city last March, he had the famous altercation with Gov. Waite, in which he demonstrated to the governor that the laws of the

The Czar's Former Governess.

Two weeks before the sickness of the czar of Russia took a turn for the worse Miss Strutton, his former governess, died in the winter palace at St. Petersburg. Miss Strutton, who was an Englishwoman, loved Alexander Romanoff as dearly as though he had been her son. The emperor and his two brothers attended the funeral, following the hearse on foot from the palace to the English cemetery, almost two miles apart. His majesty and the grand dukes had carried the coffin from the death room to the hearse. When the body was lowered into the grave the czar, it is said, wept like a child.

"PALACES OF INDIA."

DR. TALMAGE ON THE THEORIES OF MOHAMMED.

Gen. Nicholson's Siege of the Walled City Filled with Devils—The Unequa Struggle Between Briton and Sepoy—Spread of God's Truth.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 30.—Continuing his series of round the world sermons, through the press, Rev. Dr. Talmage to-day chose for his subject, "Palaces in India," the text being: Amos 3:x, "Who store up violence and robbery in their palace."

In this day when vast sums of money are being given for the redemption of India, I hope to increase the interest in that great country, and at the same time draw for all classes of our people practical lessons, and so I present this fifth sermon in the "round the world" series. We step into the ancient capital of India, the mere pronunciation of its name sending a thrill through the body, mind and soul of all those who have ever read its stories of splendor, and disaster, and prowess—Delhi.

Before the first historian impressed his first word in clay, or cut his first word on marble, or wrote his first word on papyrus, Delhi stood in India, a contemporary of Babylon and Nineveh. We know that Delhi existed longer before Christ's time than we live after his time. Delhi is built on the ruins of seven cities, which ruins cover forty miles with wrecked temples, broken fortresses, split tombs, tumble down palaces, and the debris of centuries. An archeologist could profitably spend his life here talking with the past through its lips of venerable masonry.

There are a hundred things here you ought to see in this city of Delhi, but three things you must see. The first thing that I wanted to see was the Cashmere gate, for that was the point at which the most wonderful deed of daring which the world has ever seen was done. That was the turning point of the mutiny of 1857. A lady at Delhi put into my hand an oil painting of about eighteen inches square, a picture well executed, but chiefly valuable for what it represented. It was a scene from the time of mutiny; two horses at full run, harnessed to a carriage in which were four persons. She said: "Those persons on the front side are my father and mother. The young lady on the back seat holding in her arms a baby of a year was my eldest sister and the baby was myself. My mother, who is down with a fever in the next room, painted that years ago. The horses are in full run because we are fleeing for our lives. My mother is driving, for the reason that father, standing up in the front of his carriage, had to defend us with his gun, as you there see. He fought our way out and on for many a mile, shooting down the Sepoys as we went. We had somewhat suspected trouble and become suspicious of our servants. A prince had requested a private interview with my father, who was editor of the Delhi Gazette. The prince proposed to come veiled, so that no one might recognize him, but my mother insisted on being present, and the interview did not take place. A large fish had been sent to our family, and four other families, the present an offering of thanks for the king's recovery from a recent sickness. But we suspected poison and did not eat the fish. One day all our servants came up and said they must go and see what was the matter. We saw what was intended and knew that if the servants returned they would murder all of us. Things grew worse and worse until this scene of flight shown you in the picture took place. You see the horses were wild with fright. This was not only because of the discharge of guns, but the horses were struck and pounded by Sepoys, and ropes were tied across the way, and the savage halloo, and the shout of revenge made all the way of our flight a horror."

The books have fully recorded the heroism displayed at Delhi and approximate regions, but make no mention of this family of Wagentreibers whose flight I am mentioning. But the Madras "Athenæum" printed this:

"And now! Are not the deeds of the Wagentreibers, though he wore a round hat and she a crinoline, as worthy of imperishable verse as those of the heroic pair whose nuptials graced the court of Charlemagne? A more touching picture than that of brave men contending with well nerved arm against the black and threatening fate impending over his wife and child, we have never seen. Here was no strife for the glory of physical prowess, or the spoil of shining arms, but a conquest of the human mind, an assertion of the powers of intellect over the most appalling array of circumstances that could assail a human being. Men have become gray in front of sudden and unexpected peril, and in ancient days so much was courage a matter of heroics and mere instinct that we read in immortal verse of heroes struck with panic and fleeing before the enemy. But the savage Sepoys, with their hearse war cry, and swarming like wasps around the Wagentreibers, struck no terror into the brave man's heart. His heroism was not the mere ebullition of despair, but, like that of his wife, calm and wise; standing upright that he might use his arms better."

As an incident will sometimes more impress one than a generality of statement, I present the flight of this one family from Delhi merely to illustrate the desperations of the times. The fact was that the Sepoys had taken possession of the city of Delhi, and they were, with all their artillery, fighting back the Europeans, who were on the outside. The city of Delhi has a crenulated wall on three sides, a wall five and one half miles long, and the fourth side of the city is defended by the River Jumna. In addition to these two defenses of wall and water, there were 40,000 Sepoys, all armed. Twelve hundred British soldiers were to take that city. Nicholson, the immortal general, commanded them, and you must visit his grave before you leave Delhi. He fell leading his troops. He commanded them even after being mortally wounded. You will read this inscription on his tomb:

"John Nicholson, who led the assault of Delhi, but fell in the hour of victory, mortally wounded, and died 23d September, 1857. Aged 35 years."

With what guns and men Gen. Nicholson could muster he had laid siege to this walled city filled with devils. What fearful odds! Twelve hundred British troops uncovered by any military works, to take a city surrounded by firm and high masonry, on the top of which were 114 guns and defended by 40,000 foaming Sepoys. A larger percentage of troops fell here than in any great battle I happen to know of. The Crimean percentage of the fallen was 17.48, but the percentage of Delhi was 37.9. Yet that city must be taken, and it can only be taken by such courage as had never been recorded in all the annals of bloodshed. Every charge of the British regiments against the walls and gates had been beaten back. The hyenas of Hindooism and Mohammedanism howled over the walls, and the English army could do nothing but bury their own dead. But at this gate I stand and watch an exploit that makes the page of history tremble with agitation. This city has ten gates, but the most famous is the one before which we now stand, and it is called Cashmere gate. Write the words in red ink, because of the carnage! Write them in letters of light, for the illustrious deeds! Write them in letters of black, for the bereft and the dead. Will the world ever forget that Cashmere gate? Lieutenants Salkeld and Home and Sergeants Burgess, Carmichael and Smith offered to take bags of powder to the foot of that gate and set them on fire, blowing open the gate, although they must die in doing it. There they go, just after sunrise, each one carrying a sack containing twenty-four pounds of powder, and doing this under the fire of the enemy. Lieut. Home was the first to jump into the ditch, which still remains before the gate. As they go, one by one falls under the shot and shell. One of he mortally wounded, as he falls, hands his sack of powder with a box of lucifer matches to another, telling him to fire the sack; when with an explosion that shook the earth for twenty miles around, part of the Cashmere gate was blown into fragments, and the bodies of some of these heroes were so scattered that they were never gathered for funeral, or grave, or monument. The British army rushed in through the broken gate, and although six days of hard fighting were necessary before the city was in complete possession, the crisis was past. The Cashmere gate open, the capture of Delhi and all it contained of palaces, and mosques, and treasures was possible. Lord Napier of Magdala, of whom Mr. Gladstone spoke to me so affectionately when I was his guest at Hawarden, England, has lifted a monument near this Cashmere gate with the names of the men who there fell inscribed thereon. That English lord, who has seen courage on many a battlefield, visited the Cashmere gate, and felt that the men who opened it with the loss of their own lives ought to be commemorated, and hence this cenotaph. But, after all, the best monument is the gate itself, with the deep gouges in the brick wall on the left side, made by two bomb-shells, and the wall above, torn by ten bomb-shells, and the wall on the right side, defaced, and scraped, and plowed, and gullied by all styles of long reaching weaponry. Let the words "Cashmere gate," as a synonym for patriotism, and fearlessness, and self sacrifice, go into all history, all art, all literature, all time, all eternity! My friends, that kind of courage sanctified will yet take the whole earth for God. Indeed, the missionaries now at Delhi, toiling amid heathenism, and fever, and cholera, and far away from home and comfort, and staying there until they drop into their graves, are just as brave in taking Delhi for Christ as were Nicholson, and Home, and Carmichael in taking Delhi for Great Britain. Take this for the first sermonic lesson.

As that night we took the railroad train from the Delhi station and rolled out through the city now living, over the vaster cities buried under this ancient capital, cities under cities, and our traveling servant had unrolled our bed, which consisted of a rug and two blankets and a pillow; and as we were worn out with the sightseeing of the day, and were roughly tossed on that uneven Indian railway, I soon fell into a troubled sleep, in which I saw and heard in a confused way the scenes and sounds of the mutiny of 1857, which at Delhi we had been reconsulting; and now the rattle of the train seemed to turn into the rattle of musketry; and now the light at the top of the car deluded me with the idea of a burning city; and then the loud thump of the railroad brake was in dream mistaken for a booming battery; and the voices at the different stations made me think I heard the loud cheer of the British at the taking of the Cashmere gate; and as we rolled over bridges the battles before Delhi seemed going on; and as we went through dark tunnels I seemed to see the tomb of Humayun in which the king of Delhi was hidden; and in my dreams I saw Lieut. Renny, of the artillery, throwing shells which were handed him, their fuses burning; and Campbell, and Reid, and Hope Grant covered with blood; and Nicholson falling while rallying his wavering troops; and I saw dead regiment fallen across dead regiment, and heard the rataplan of the hoofs of Hodgson's horse, and the dash of the liengal artillery, and the storming of the immortal Fourth column; and the rougher the Indian railway became, and the darker the night grew, the more the scenes that I had been studying at Delhi came on me like an incubus. But the morning began to look through the window of our jolting car, and the sunlight poured in on my pillow, and in my dream I saw the bright colors of the English flag hoisted over Delhi, where the green banner of the Moslem had waved, and the voices of the wounded and dying seemed to be exchanged for the voices that welcomed soldiers home again. And as the morning light got brighter and brighter, and in my dream I mistook the bells at a station for a church bell hanging in a minaret, where a Mohammedan priest had mumbled his call to prayer, I seemed to hear a chant, whether by human or angelic voices in my dream I could not tell, but it was a chant about "Peace and good will to men." And as the speed of the railtrain slackened the motion of the car became so easy as we rolled along the track that it seemed to me that all the distress, and controversy, and jolting, and wars of the world had ceased; and in my dream I thought we had come to the time when "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Halt here at what you have never seen before, a depopulated city, the city of Amber, India.

The strange fact is that a ruler abandoned his palaces at Amber and moved to Jeypore, and all the inhabitants of the city followed. Except here and there a house in Amber occupied by a hermit, the city is as silent a population as Pompeii or Herculaneum; but those cities were emptied by volcanic disaster, while this city of Amber was vacated because Prince Joy Singh was told by a Hindoo priest that no city should be inhabited more than a thousand years, and so the ruler 170 years ago moved out himself, and all his people moved with him.

I will not go far into a description of brazen doorway after brazen doorway, and carved room after carved room, and lead you under embellished ceiling after embellished ceiling, and through halls precious stoned into wider halls precious stoned. Why tire out your imagination with the particulars, when you may sum up all by saying that on the slopes of that hill of India are pavilions deeply dyed, tasseled and arched; the fire of colored gardens cooled by the snow of white architecture; bath rooms that refresh before your feet touch the marble; birds in arabesque so natural to life, that while you can not hear their voices, you imagine you see the flutter of their wings as you are passing; stoneware translucent; walls pictured with hunting scene, and triumphal procession, and jousting party; rooms that were called "Alcove of Light," and "Court of Honor," and "Hall of Victory;" marble, white and black, like a mixture of morning and night; alabaster, and lacquer work, and mother of pearl; all that architecture, and sculpture, and painting, and horticulture can do when they put their genius together was done here in ages past, and much of their work still stands to absorb and entrance archæologist and sight seer. But what a solemn and stupendous thing is an abandoned city. While many of the peoples of the earth have no roof for their head, here is a whole city of roofs rejected. The sand of the desert was sufficient excuse for the disappearance of Heliopolis, and the waters of the Mediterranean sea for the engulfment of Tyre, and the lava of Mount Vesuvius for the obliteration of Herculaneum; but for the sake of nothing but a superstitious whim the city of Amber is abandoned forever. O, wondrous India! The city of Amber is only one of the marvels which compel the uplifted hand of surprise from the day you enter India until you leave it. Its flora is so flamboyant; its fauna so monstrous and savage; its ruins so suggestive; its idolatry so horrible; its degradation so sickening; its mineralogy so brilliant; its splendors so uplifting; its architecture so old, so grand, so educational, so multipotent, that India will not be fully comprehended until science has made its last experiment, and exploration has ended its last journey, and the library of the world's literature has closed its last door, and Christianity has made its last achievement, and the clock of time has struck its last hour.

A Baby Prince's Elaborate Carriage.

Prince Edward of York, the royal babe who will in the long future be the head of the British empire, will shortly have his first English made carriage. It consists of a perambulator of highest class workmanship of the "Princess Irene" barouche pattern, is fitted with non-vibrating, leather hung cee springs and silent cycle wheels, with hollow rubber tires. The vehicle is upholstered in finest dark green morocco leather, softly padded with horsehair cushions, so constructed that the infant occupant can recline or ride with face or back to the nurse. The visage is protected from the rain by a cowhide hood, easily adjusted to an position, and in sunshine this can be removed and the prince shaded from heat by an awning of tussore silk, lined to match the carriage, and trimmed with delicate and beautiful lace. Baby cars of a somewhat similar pattern have been built by the same firm for the children of the duchess of Fife and Princess Henry of Prussia.

Every tiny protuberance on a branch of coral represents a living animal, which grows from it like a plant.